

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXVII
No. 2430

and BYSTANDER

London
February 4, 1948



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Two Shillings
Vol. CLXXXVII. No. 2430



Carell, Rome

LADY CHARLES

Lady Charles is the attractive wife of Sir Noel Charles, the third baronet, who was British Ambassador in Rome from 1944 to 1947, and previously Ambassador in Brazil from 1941 to 1944, going there from Lisbon, where he was Minister. This photograph, taken last summer in the new British Embassy in Rome, shows Lady Charles with her Belgian sheepdog, Siegfried



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



Dinner With M'Luds

FEBRUARY seems of all months the least satisfactory, a Clapham Junction of months, with the holiday excursion puffing away and the spring express not yet in sight. The compiler of one calendar which has been sent me seems to share these views, for his obsession has been with the number of famous people who died in February, an imposing and funereal list—among them Charles II, Christopher Wren, Martin Luther, Joshua Reynolds and Thomas Carlyle.

I was so depressed at this that I took down a *Whitaker's Almanack* and found that on the other hand quite a lot of people seemed to have been happily born in February: George Washington, Charles Dickens, David Garrick and Ellen Terry. And were not the words most used to identify the entrancing Ellen Terry those of Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*?

"... but then a star danced and under that was I born."

A happier omen.

First Right, Second Left

WHEN I told the taxi-driver one evening this month that I wished to go to the House of Lords he first looked diffident, then confessed politely that he was not quite sure how to get there, being new to his job. He seemed to imply that perhaps the House of Lords was not still in existence.

I then embarked on an explanation of routes that, in retrospect, reads like a political sermon. He knew Big Ben, I said; well, the House of Lords was not where it used to be, in fact, the House of Commons had taken over the Lords and so if you wanted the Lords you should go a bit beyond the Commons. He knew where George the Fifth stood? The statue? Good. Past Oliver Cromwell.

Together, this young ex-soldier and I finally reached the entrance of the House of Lords where that evening I was dining.

London offers a rich variety in the choice of directions.

I have sometimes had occasion to pay a call in Bow Street near to the police station. It is not on the street but in a courtyard. The first time I said to a taxi-driver: "I want to go to Bow Street, the north end, in a hurry."

The driver perhaps mistook me for a plain-clothes member of the constabulary waiting to trap taxis, for he drove me there with such circumspection that I finished the journey on foot and in despair of keeping my appointment.

On the next occasion I said: "I want to go to Covent Garden, near Floral Street."

It seemed evident to the driver that I must be interested in horticulture, for he chose a route right through the market. Now I have learned to say commandingly: "The Royal Opera House in Covent Garden." And if in time this does not suffice I have several more topographical oddments in store.

On one or two occasions when I have had to go to Buckingham Palace I have always kept to "just at the foot of Constitution Hill, please."

When I was a naval cadet there was a story credited to a certain midshipman who is now our sovereign. It was of the man who rushed from the Palace and hailed a hansom with the words: "Quick! King's Cross!"

"Go on!" says the driver. "What's upset him now?"

This is an ancient schoolboy story, but now that I come to think of it, not so ancient as most. It cannot have come into currency much before the accession of Edward VII in 1901.

Down the Ladder

THE evening that I dined in the House of Lords was a pleasant one. My host was a Double First at Oxford and credited with an intimate knowledge of Greek and Latin politicians, so it was not tactful to question the value of a classical education in the world of today. The conversation turned on many topics and of one much more may be heard in time. This concerns the future of the hereditary principle and a scheme of reform which appears to have aroused much favourable interest.

It is based on the fact that most peers have several titles, elevation in the peerage being cumulative, so to speak. I know off-hand one whom I believe never to have spoken in the

House but who has a fascinating list of alternative names, which I now ascertain to number no fewer than nine.

This scheme suggests that when a peer dies his heir should be entitled only to succeed to the title of immediately lower degree. Were the father an earl the son would be a viscount, if a viscount then he would become a baron. In time there might be no title left in the family at all.

The merit it seems to me of this scheme (and to my fellow guests to the right and left, both peers) is that the original title—with all its historical background and implications—should be kept in abeyance so that, should an heir choose a career of public service in the House of Lords, it could be revived.

The other topic to which I listened with interest concerned the twenty-four "peeresses in their own right," who now wish to take their place in the Lords at this critical hour in its history.

(Although when I write "critical" I am not quite sure of the degree of crisis; it is extraordinary, and most comforting, when one reflects the number of "critical" periods nearly everything worthwhile in this country has survived.)

The House of Lords as it is today still preserves the air of masculinity that it once shared with the Commons until that fateful day in 1919 when the turbulent new Member from Plymouth arrived on the scene to arouse and amuse her fellow M.P.s

Colonel B

I WAS amused on the evening I dined in the Lords at the number of times I was addressed as "my lord" and "your lordship," presuming it to be a courtesy characteristic of the Upper House, and not because I was confused with someone else, or merely given a title on spec. It is always fun, in a sly and childish way, to feel that your identity has been mistaken.

Some years ago I spent an evening with the late Miss Ellen Wilkinson and Maître Morogiafferi, the great French lawyer, and was both introduced and referred to the whole time as with the prefix "colonel." As it appeared from Miss Wilkinson's statements that I was a very astute and knowledgeable fellow (and because the main part of my identity she had right) I had neither the heart nor even the desire to disillusion the assembled company.

Reverting to that pleasant dinner in the Lords, we talked of the temporary home it now occupies and I chanced to mention the first time that I had ever been in the old Chamber, now the Commons.

It was a disappointing experience.

I have forgotten how old I was, but I was very young and taken in by Sir Percy Hurd, M.P. No coronets, no red robes, no ermine;

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Apparently there's some sort of fancy-dress affair in the village tonight . . ."

just two or three quite unlordly men arguing about a certain American razor blade. It was before—long before—I had ever shaved and I could not understand what all the fuss was about, but I do know that for years afterwards I never saw that particular brand of blade's name in print without thinking "the Lords use it."

The case I heard argued was probably some trade-mark appeal.

Three peers, I think, still constitute a quorum and the casual visitor from abroad must be as mystified as he is when he visits the Lower House, and listens to some *sotto voce* talk of a drainage system, when all he wants to hear is whether Mr. Churchill will or whether Mr. Attlee won't and what would Disraeli have done.

No Cribbing

THE current public interest in the affairs of Westminster is natural enough in these days of wholesale legislation—and paucity of other "entertainment." Yet the public facilities for listening to Commons debates is most restricted, and is not likely to be much better in the new Chamber, which is now in the steel framework stage, and unlikely to be habitable for at least another two years.

When the replacement of the blitzed Chamber was being discussed a great many improvements were suggested by M.P.s, among which improvements were a wide and encircling public gallery (the new shape, of course, was to be semicircular, as in Washington and the *Chambre des Députés*) and the provision of desks for each Member.

Mr. Churchill ruled no desks, a ruling given not so much from his position as Prime Minister (it was in 1943) but as senior statesman.

"Desks," Mr. Churchill was said to have explained, "have lids. And lids make a noise. I am against desks."

Possibly some memory of his wayward days at Harrow came to the P.M.'s mind, and the effect upon a master which can be wreaked by the banging of lids, shuffling of a desk's contents and, indeed, semi-disappearance of a desk's owner behind the shield of the lid.

Speckled Cockneys

I FOUND on another calendar, for a February morning, those lovely lines from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

The ouzel-cock so black of hue,
With orange tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

They seemed hardly appropriate to that particularly grey and wintry day; but welcome. I wonder whether anyone has ever written lines to a bird far more suitable to London in February—the starling? Passing through Waterloo Place on the evening before I noticed that the starlings have made one of their noisy roosting grounds somewhere high between the United Services and Athenæum clubs.

I have not yet heard that any choleric soldier has yet come out of the United Services and taken a pot at them; yet it was with a shotgun that the keepers in Leicester Square used to frighten them away each evening a few years ago.

A fat lot the starlings cared; having spent the days surrounded by moving pictures they just flew round the corner and spent their nights with the still pictures at the National Gallery.

A particularly Cockney little bird is the *Sturnus vulgaris*, and how rightly named.

Gordon Beckles

ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

THE ANT AND THE TELEPHONE

An Ant, which lived at 41
Kilmarnock Square, with Lady Pryce,
Practised the anti-social vice
Of eavesdropping. This is *not* done.

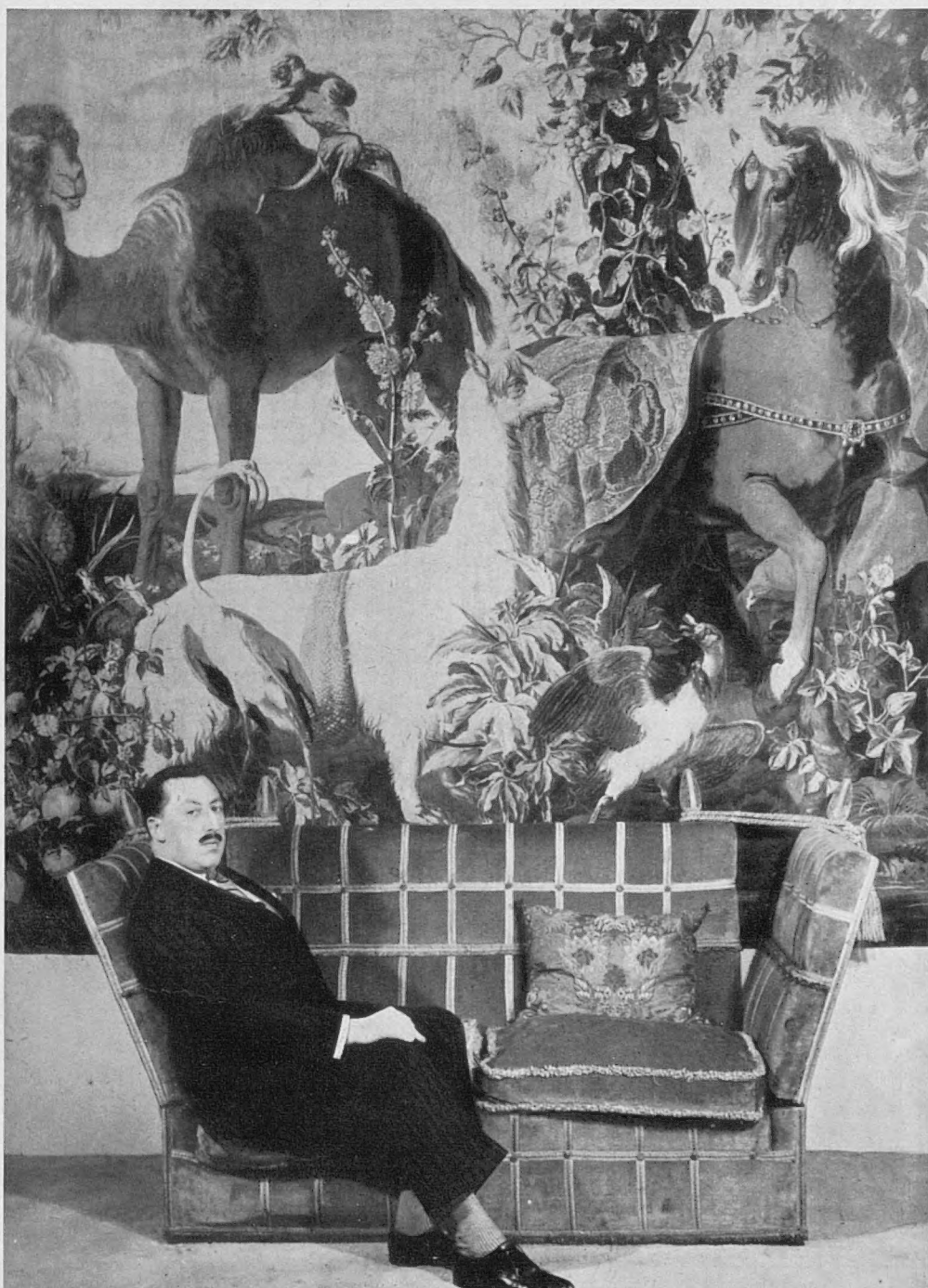
He listened in to every word,
All conversation that went on,
Except that which took place upon
The 'phone, of which he only heard

One side. This was a constant trial.
Determined he would not be beat,
He took his courage in all feet
And crawled in underneath the dial.

It's easy for you all to guess
The end. Twirled round and round and
round,
The Ant was ultimately found
Quite dead. He died from giddiness.

Immoral The Telephone is a Nuisance.

—Justin Richardson.



Swach

H.E. DON FERNANDO BERCKEMEYER, the Peruvian Ambassador, at his residence in Porchester Terrace, W. He came to London in 1946 and both he and Senora Berckemeyer are popular members of the diplomatic corps and enter largely into the social life of the capital. Senor Berckemeyer is sitting in front of a Gobelin tapestry of 1790 showing the flora and fauna of Peru



Stimulating Effect of an Alpine Atmosphere: Among a mixed bag of companions enjoying a cheerful holiday in Switzerland are Nicolette (Margaret Goodman), the daughter of the house who tries her wiles on that "wizard type" George Beesdale (Geoffrey Sumner), while the kindly host, Herr Doktor Johann Hubermann (Martin Miller), tussles in vain with the English idiom; Harry Simpkinson (Michael Evans) and Noel (Mary Martlew), a lady doctor of charm and intelligence, have many romantic moments, and the charming Frau Hubermann (Avice Landone) finds that the Scottish guest, Hamish Laurie (Stephen Jack), is none other than her former husband

Anthony Cookman
and Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Mountain Air"

(Comedy)

GOOD humour covers a multitude of shortcomings, provided that the author has sufficient skill in passably natural dialogue to keep the audience basking in its warmth. This comedy of a Swiss holiday has few positive merits, but by virtue of the pleasantness with which it is acted, the becomingness of its dresses and its quite unfaltering good humour it offers the unexacting a reasonably diverting evening. The unexacting? Mercifully, we all have moods in which we are that.

Mr. Ronald Wilkinson assembles his characters under the Swiss Doktor's roof with an eye to mischief, but he would appear to be much too good humoured to let them get into what other playwrights might heartlessly hold to be their minimum dues of trouble. The Doktor's wife, for instance, is altogether wasted, which is hard on Miss Avice Landone, who has, as we know from her performances in Restoration comedy, a most resourceful talent for intrigue.

Is not the Doktor's wife pretty, much younger than he, and rather lonely, growing more than a little tired of riding tandem with him on his many cycling expeditions in the mountains?

Fortunately for her, as we suppose, her husband adds to his passion for cycling a passion for learning English, and is impelled on that account to collect stray British visitors, all of them youngish and personable men. When one of these visitors turns out to be her former husband, trouble and Miss Landone seem almost to have met.

They never do meet. The husband is a Scottish business man and he is there merely to express the comic Scotsman's contempt for the Sassenach (a duty he discharges in half a hundred well-worn jokes) and to acquire from the Doktor the right to sell a whisky-substitute to tourists.

ONE of a couple of happy-go-lucky ex-airmen casts a friendly eye on his host's wife, but it is swiftly and violently diverted, first to the lonely lady's niece, an ardent young French flirt, and finally—and more violently—to an English woman-doctor who, though frumpish in her travelling spectacles, is a dazzling beauty in bathing costume and sun glasses. For the intrigue anticipated we have the quite pleasing but not very exciting to-and-fro of romantic sympathy and equally

romantic antipathy between these two, with Miss Mary Martlew pretending with much accomplishment to make bricks without straw.

THE little French flirt fastens cheerfully on the other ex-airman—a genial specimen of the foreign caricaturist's idea of the English type, with a complete mastery of R.A.F. English and a nice way with an obdurate cigarette case which must save him a fortune on his tobacco bill. Mr. Geoffrey Sumner lightly and dexterously plays out the ancient farce of married man in holiday humour; and this farce and Miss Mary Martlew's romance are then driven tandem to their regular destinations. How is the rest of the time taken up? Chiefly by jokes about the endearingly absurd Doktor's expeditions with bicycles to the mountains and his perpetual misunderstanding of the English words he collects; and by the Scotsman's denunciations of the works of the Sassenach. But both Mr. Martin Miller and Mr. Stephen Jack handle these "types," as not only the R.A.F. would call them, tactfully; and the author's bubbling good humour does the rest.

The Gossip Backstage

by Beaumont Kent

ALL good things come to an end—even an Ambassadors revue. In other words *Sweetest and Lowest*, which playgoers have almost come to regard as a permanent institution, finishes its run towards the end of March. It was produced on May 9, 1946, but the origin of the entertainment in which Hermione Gingold has been the bright, particular and acid-tongued star, goes back to *Sweet and Low*, which opened at the Ambassadors on June 11, 1943. This was followed on February 17, 1944, by *Sweetest and Lower*, which altogether accounts for nearly five years' run of a type of intimate revue hardly ever equalled in London.

What Miss Gingold will do when the revue ends is not yet certain, but there has been talk of a visit to America.

At the Ambassadors the revue will be followed by a play which Linnit and Dunfee are staging at the beginning of April. It is a comedy adapted by Noel Langley from the recently published novel *The Cabbage Patch*. The provisional title is *Lambs Eat Ivy*, but it will probably be changed.

One of the principal characters in what promises to be a very amusing affair is a mother who has to cope with a rather troublesome family. The play will be produced by Charles Hickman, but no cast has yet been engaged.

To *The Linden Tree* at the Duchess and *The Hidden Years* at the Fortune, the London Mask Theatre, is to add a third production in *Cockpit*, due shortly at the Playhouse. This is by Bridget Boland, a new dramatist. Exciting and original in theme and treat-

ment it deals with the chaotic conditions in Europe after the German defeat. It will be produced by Michael MacOwan with a big cast which includes J. O'Connor, Arthur Hambling, Diana Graves and Lili Molnar.

All *This is Ended*, the new Basil Dean production which opens at the St. James's on Friday, was written by Jack Alldridge, a Manchester journalist, while he was serving in the Italian campaign. The title comes from the last line of a poem by Rupert Brooke. Alldridge confesses that he wrote the play with no title in mind and when it was finished could find nothing that pleased him. Finally he found a book of Brooke's poems open on his sergeant's desk and the line that caught his eye finished "all this is ended." It struck him as exactly right.

The moving poem from which the line was taken perfectly reflects the theme of the play, which was one of the most notable of A. A. Shenburn's productions two years or so ago at the Granville, Walham Green.

When Anthony Quayle began to produce *The Relapse* (now transferred to the Phoenix), he was still filming in Sir Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet*. He was made up for his part by Charles Parker, chief plastic make-up expert for the Rank organization. Parker became so interested in the production of *The Relapse* that he volunteered to make the magnificent false nose worn by Hamlyn Benson as Sir Tumbelly

Clumsey, and the nose and ugly lower teeth worn by Frederick Bennett as the Shoemaker.

Parker, a Canadian, claims to be the only make-up expert trained as a portrait painter. He also believes that he is the only film make-up man who has helped in a stage production.

THE production of Frederick Ashton's *Scenes de Ballet*, a forty-minute work at Covent Garden next Wednesday, is of exceptional interest, for the music is by Igor Stravinsky. Of this score Stravinsky says: "It is a classical ballet which I composed in the summer of 1944. The music is patterned after the forms of classical dance, free of any literary or dramatic argument. The parts follow each other as in a sonata or in a symphony, in contrasts or similarities."

The scenery and costumes are by André Beaufrepaire, a young French protégé of Cocteau, who has done a great deal of stage designing in France.

FIRTH SHEPARD tells me that *Life With Father*, which, at the Savoy on Boxing Day, broke the record for the house, has since increased the figures of the record on two occasions. His other production, *Canaries Sometimes Sing*, after a slow beginning at the Garrick, has now climbed into a decided success.

SELMA VAZ DIAS, who has succeeded Joan Miller in *Dark Summer* at the St. Martin's, will be remembered for her fine performance in *Thunder Rock* in the early days of the war. Daughter of a well-known Dutch journalist, she is the wife of H. W. Egli, London editor of a Swiss newspaper and President of the Nouveau Société Helvétique.

Première of "Anna Karenina" at the Leicester Square Theatre



Sir Alexander Korda, the producer, Vivien Leigh, who plays the title rôle, and her husband Sir Laurence Olivier



Sir Ralph and Lady Richardson. Sir Ralph gives a brilliant study of Karenin in the film



Kieron Moore, who plays Count Vronsky, and his actress wife, Barbara White



Sally Ann Howes, another of the film's leading actresses, and her mother, Mrs. Bobby Howes



Gladys Cooper, who has a first night at the Criterion tomorrow, seen with Olga Lynn



Mr. Michael Denison, and his wife Dulcie Gray, the actress



Douglass Montgomery, the Canadian actor, and Kay Young



Mr. Nigel Tangye with his wife, Ann Todd, and her son David

Freda Bruce Lockhart

Decorations
by Hoffnung

At The Pictures

Glamorous Legend

IN our age the word "glamour" has taken on a cupro-nickel tone. But have we another to describe the mysterious magic which rare people shed about them as they go, the sheen on their own personalities, the spell they cast on others?

If I were playing one of those "paper games" which used to pass the family time, and were asked to name "the most glamorous character in fiction," I should probably jot down "Anna Karenina." Through Tolstoy's pages Anna moves in a radiance we can feel reflected by all the characters who are dazzled by it, submissively or resentfully.

Count Vronsky, gazing down on his mistress's dead body, tries to evoke the earlier image of Anna: "with that mysterious, poetic, charming beauty, overflowing with life and gaiety, enjoying and bestowing happiness."

Mystery, poetry, life, gaiety and happiness—these are conspicuously lacking from the new film of *Anna Karenina* at the Leicester Square Theatre.

Vivien Leigh has many of the external attributes of Anna: dark hair and eyes, slight figure, small hands and feet, quick tiny steps. Greta Garbo, who played the part in two previous film versions, is tall and fair, with abnormally large hands and feet. I cannot pretend to remember over twelve years whether the other details of her performance were similarly inexact. But I do not forget the radiance, the passion and the maternal tenderness which made Garbo's Anna at least akin to Tolstoy's.

MISS LEIGH's performance is accomplished and conscientious. Her careful tracing of the stages in decline from elegance and popularity to the degradation of public ostracism and private hysteria bear witness that she has studied the book. But prettiness, elegance and intelligence are not enough. Without glamour Anna cannot be brought to life; and without the conflict between an over-mastering passion, a deep tenderness for the son she must give up to join her lover, and the sense of shame that will not be stilled, Anna must remain just another fallen woman reaping, like a score of screen heroines, the wages of sin. Miss Leigh's Anna is, for me, without passion, without tenderness and without glamour.

Without glamour, it is difficult to understand why Anna Karenina's story should inspire the production of a film. But it must be admitted that Miss Leigh gets little or no help. To fit a novel of this scope into a film is a Herculean task. One method is for the director and script-writers to soak themselves, more or less, in the book; then to close it and proceed to translate the theme into terms of the cinema. In this case departure from the original text gives no just cause for complaint. The second, or literal method is to strip the story of all inessential matter and put what remains as faithfully as possible on the screen. Here the measure of success is the balance between fidelity to the original and acceptability as a film.

Julien Duvivier, the French director of the British *Anna Karenina*, has leant towards the second method. He and his collaborators—one English and one French—on the screen play, seem to have laid the huge canvas of the book out

like a jig-saw puzzle, discarded a number of pieces, and then fitted together the rest to form roughly the same pattern as the original, but often forcing pieces whose edges obviously don't fit in order to get them in.

Thus the counter-plot to Anna's romance with Vronsky has been quite properly suppressed after the first ball. But figures named Levin (Niall MacGinnis) and Kitty (Sally Ann Howes) and their relatives, keep bobbing up, recognizable enough to readers of the book but irrelevant strangers surely to the film. Some telescoping of scenes, lifting of lines from one scene to another must be accepted as inevitable; gratuitous transpositions are less easy to bear. Why, for example, should Kitty be sent to propose to Levine instead of the more conventional practice? Why should her sister Dolly lend him a saddle instead of borrowing one?

Presumably Anna's daughter by Vronsky is declared still-born to save the censor embarrassment over the baby's parentage.

COMPRESSION, by whatever means, is one thing; interpolation quite another. Here was one of the great European romantic novels, containing material for a score of films. Yet it has been found necessary to concoct a commonplace love-scene set in Venice, and to introduce an exercise of the Russian Fleet in the Adriatic, instead of a single old comrade from the cadet school and a derelict artist-compatriot, to lure Anna and Vronsky home to Russia.

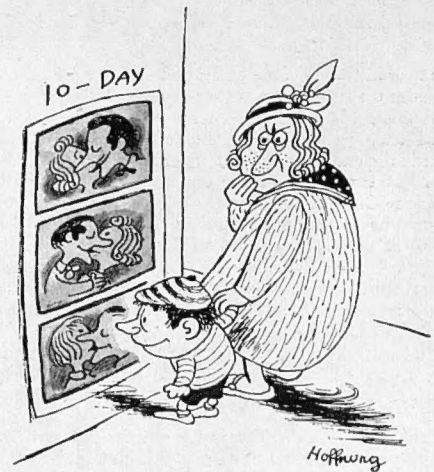
Greater ruthlessness with the subsidiary characters could be welcomed for the sake of concentration on the central figures. But Duvivier's *Anna Karenina* is hardly more than an elaborate essay in book illustration; and sombre illustration at that. The film fails even to capture the spectacular brilliance of the original setting. Hardly one of the scenes which would show

Anna and Vronsky in their gayer, happier moods is included. Duvivier is evidently a director who, like many fine wines, does not travel well. Even the great race, where Vronsky's horse breaks its back, so thrilling to read, is without excitement when seen reflected in the clenching and unclenching of Miss Leigh's teeth under her field glasses.

PICTORIALLY the film is a dark disappointment, relieved by the usual staircase angles and by one beautiful shot outside the station, where the camera picks out a droshky and tiny dark figures against the solid winter snow, with some of the clarity of authentic Russian design. For the rest, we are given a series of *tableaux* not quite *vivants*, draped in dark curtains, shrouded in snow or lit by misty lamplight. Cecil Beaton's costumes are also surprisingly undistinguished, almost drab for a period and setting of lost elegance.

Greatly as I admire Kieron Moore, he seems to me to have nothing of Vronsky, never looking like an officer, an aristocrat or a man in love. The picture gives him scant scope to express Vronsky's passions: for his regiment and for Anna. But Mr. Moore suggests neither.

Only Ralph Richardson, as Karenin, succeeds in



creating a real person out of the most unpromising of Tolstoy's characters, the combination of pompous prig with deep-buried pathos. As he is made to say in the film: "The deceived husband is a bad part—difficult to play with dignity." Sir Ralph succeeds, and the immaculate integrity of his performance gives these *tableaux* from Tolstoy their only breath of life—or of tragedy.

GLAMOUR may or may not be what Siobhan McKenna has behind her unquestioned power and skill as an actress. I incline to think it is, but her performance as a mad, man-eating Irish servant-girl in *Daughter of Darkness*, at the Carlton, cannot be taken as conclusive evidence.

This is the film version of Max Catto's play, *They Walk Alone*. On the stage Beatrix Lehmann played mad Emmy, who is all unconscious of the demon that possesses her, driving her to lure young men into her arms, to murder them and to signal each victim's death by a nocturnal outburst on the village church organ.

For those who like this kind of thing, the film is done about as well as it need be, except for some minor details like an Olympian travelling circus to tour the villages. Country scenes are pleasant if geographically rather vague (is Emmy's English place in Yorkshire or Cornwall?). The gentleman-farmer's family to which this modern witch is sent, quite nearly resembles a real country family, though still probably on the amateur side as far as the farm is concerned. Anne Crawford, as the suspicious elder daughter, is more lifelike than usual; while Honor Blackman, Barry Morse, Denis Gordon and David Greene are personable young players I hope to see again.

The right kind of thoroughly nasty suspense is maintained, with great help from an impressive Alsatian. But must this kind of thing be done at all? Miss McKenna has evidently a rich and fascinating personality. We ought now to see her in a straight starring screen part.

THERE is nothing glamorous about either of the other new films. Football pools are a legitimate topic for a British picture, and the first episode of *Easy Money* (at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Pavilion, Marble Arch), is a homely example of the dangers of a sudden windfall to family peace and the good luck of one suburban family—with Jack Warner and Marjorie Fielding as Dad and Mum—which gets a second chance to react more sanely.

In its unpretentious way this football-pool fairy story would make a good-tempered short second feature. Surprisingly it is followed, but not balanced, by three shorter episodes. Only the last, with Edward Rigby as an eccentric double-bass player, who uses his win to get his own back on the conductor, has a touch of wit. I came away with two impressions: that football pools are apparently benevolent institutions for the safeguarding of poor innocent people's investments; and that the censor's representative must have dropped off to sleep during the last two episodes.

I had always supposed the fabulous success of *Abie's Irish Rose*, on stage and screen, to have been based on a farcical combination of Jewish *Gemüthlichkeit* and Irish blarney: not on rival marriages by parson, rabbi and priest, or the tasteless view of tolerance which makes the modern version, shown at the London Pavilion, such an embarrassing experience.





Angus McBean

JESSIE MATTHEWS

After a long absence Jessie Matthews returns to the West End stage shortly in *Maid to Measure*, produced by Leigh Stafford. The show gives her every opportunity to demonstrate once again that versatility which made her famous. Her name has been in the top rank of stars of musical comedy ever since she appeared in the chorus of *Charlot's Revue*, in which she subsequently understudied Gertrude Lawrence, and it was while acting in this capacity that she made her first hit when the show went to New York. Among her successes were *One Dam Thing After Another*, at the Strand Theatre in 1927, *This Year of Grace* and *Wake Up and Dream*, while the greatest of all was *Evergreen*. Her last appearance on the London stage was in *Wild Rose*, at the Princes Theatre in 1942.

George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Mme. Ljubo
Leontic, wife of the
Yugoslav Ambassador

YUGOSLAVIA exports potent rakeja and slivovici, wine from sunny Dalmatia, and geese, turkeys, eggs, butter, pork and timber. Whether any of these come to Britain is important to none more than to Dr. Ljubo Leontic, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at St. James's from the People's Federal Republic. For His Excellency realises that trade forms a bridge between states, and once this bridge exists understanding may follow. At present there is little of either trade or understanding, and the Yugoslav envoy to Britain has one of the least comfortable missions.

Dr. Leontic conveys protests to the Foreign Office in Whitehall and receives notes in reply. He may be calling attention to Yugoslavia's wish to have back the gold deposited for safety in the U.S.A., or it may be a subject arising out of an "incident" in the tinder-box of Europe, Trieste. It may be the claim to see in Yugoslavia the first of the thousand alleged war criminals wanted for trial from Italy, or it may be a verbal warning over Greece.

BENEATH his serious exterior the envoy, the calm-voiced artist who yet has both feet firmly on the ground, smiles, for he hopes the clouds over Anglo-Yugoslav relations will lift some day. There were, and are, few clouds in Split, one of the world's beauty spots on the beautiful Adriatic. From Split Leontic went to Zagreb to study law, and at twenty-four took his doctorate in the philosophy of art in Prague. In addition to French, German, English, Russian and Czech, he speaks Spanish and Italian. By twenty-seven he was editor of *Yugoslavia*, a review in Prague that pleaded, during the death-pangs of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, for the birth afresh of his homeland.

Dr. Leontic formed Yugoslav committees in North and South America, France, Italy and Switzerland. Yugoslavia was reborn, and he returned to Split, to practise law. But the King Alexander dictatorship was not to his liking. His visits to Western Europe, including London, stopped, his passport was taken away, the house was searched and he was arrested. But, whenever he was free, he continued to defend in cases arising out of the dictatorship.

AFTER the brutal invasion of Yugoslavia in April 1941, Leontic found himself "unwanted," for Bastianini, of unfavourable London memories, now become Gauleiter of Dalmatia, had him transported to the dread island of Lipari. A prominent member of the executive of the Independent Democratic Party, Leontic did not sleep for eight days and nights, for the deportees were chained in groups of six. "When one moved, all moved," he recalls. From Mussolini's little Buchenwald Leontic was transferred to the Apennines. Back in Split on release, he worked illegally for the National Liberation Committee, became a member of the Croat Parliament, and then of the Yugoslav Avnoy. Tito, whom he first met at the November 1943 Avnoy, made him Foreign Under-Secretary, and there followed months and years of arduous underground campaigning.

There is courtesy and frankness about Leontic, who is not unaccustomed to disappointment. He smiles, for who knows? He may yet build the bridge of understanding.



The East Sussex Hunt branch of the Pony Club recently held a very merry party and dance at the Sackville Hotel, Bexhill. Lord Burghley (right) and Mr. F. J. Parsons, the Joint-Masters of the East Sussex, are seen with a group of young guests in the buffet

Pony Club Party at Bexhill



Col. F. W. Jarvis, of St. Leonards, and his daughter, Miss Mary Jarvis, were two of those at the dance



Mr. H. C. Curteis, Secretary of the East Sussex, and the Hon. Mrs. F. J. Parsons, wife of the Joint-Master



Diana Pilbeam, Cicely Elsworth, Miss I. Hellyer and Sheila Cowan talking to Major F. G. Hawkey-Shepherd and Mrs. J. Hellyer, of Eastbourne



Miss Sheila Mappin, District Commissioner of the branch (third from left), with her father, Mr. D. Mappin, and members of the Pony Club, including Tony Kemm, Janet Faulkner, Christopher Thomas, Dr. Michael Eddings, Fiona Eddings and Mary Ann Murray

Waller Effner, Bexhill



Mrs. R. Borman, Mrs. J. Howlett, Mr. John Borman and Mrs. M. Johnson were among the guests at the Hyde Park Hotel, where the reception was held

Reception in Knightsbridge

After the Wedding of Major-General E. L. Bols and Mrs. Marion Graham



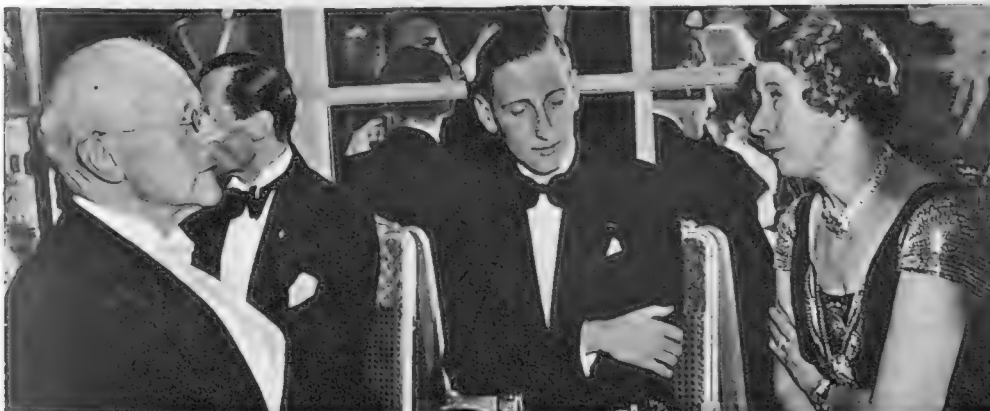
The bride and bridegroom. Major-General Bols formerly commanded the 6th Airborne Division in Germany and Palestine



Mr. T. Borkowski with Lady Kathleen Verney, youngest daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen



Major-General Bols, who is a son of Lady Bols, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wagg



Lord Monkswell, who is the third Baron, Comte Gerrard de Guिताut, and Lady Monkswell were three more who were at the reception

Priscilla in Paris

Challenge to Gloom

SOMEbody wrote me the other day to ask what a further devaluation of the franc would mean. Why this somebody picked on me I have no idea. Despite my ignorance of these matters, I made shift to reply that for a large section of society it would matter very little, so long as it goes on dealing with great sums in cash as it exploits the Black Market to which the middle classes are obliged, for certain foods, to resort or else live in semi-starvation; for others it will mean, more than ever, living "on 'arf o' nothing, paid 'em reg'lar, once a week" eked out by charity.



This gloomy outlook upon things in general does not prevent, however, the gay optimism of things in particular. Some of these particular things being, for the moment, the windows and salons of the lingerie shops. The plain, almost conventual severity of feminine underwear during recent years has become as decorative as in the 'nineties. There are petticoats of Swiss embroidery; of muslin, trimmed with goffered rows of Valenciennes lace, and of cambric—slightly starched, to be worn under wide-spreading evening frocks—with insertions of Alençon or Mechlin.

Satins and crêpes-de-chine, in all the palest pastel tints, are used for slim-waisted nightdresses that billow out into sun-ray pleated skirts. When one thinks of the laundry and the dry-cleaning for the sun-ray stuff that all this entails, one shudders, while our laundresses, who are now charging the equivalent of five shillings for a plain overall, are chortling with joy.

THE tragically sudden death, from heart failure, of Edward Stirling, that occurred as he was walking home from an evening rehearsal one night recently, is a sad blow to all who knew him. For many years he directed the famous company of English Players in Paris; giving, in English, all the best modern plays produced in London and running special matinées of the English classics for the French schools and universities. His clever wife, Margaret Vaughan, to whom one's most heartfelt sympathy goes, played opposite him and accompanied him when, with the English Players, he toured all over Europe, doing fine propaganda work entirely at his own expense, without any outside help or subvention. During the war he worked for N.A.A.F.I. and, after Liberation, ran the Marigny Theatre here for the British troops. He was tremendously popular with his colleagues of the French radio, and his broadcasts were eagerly listened to by his numerous "fans," who delighted in the British accent that he had never been able to lose.

He was only fifty-six years old, and his untimely death robs the two countries that he loved of a good and kindly friend and a great worker.

A NOT very good American film called *Suspense* has caused quite a small stir over here on account of its leading lady, whom Paris knew, when she was a mere 'teen-ager, for her wonderful dancing at various charity entertainments with the great Irish dancer, Anton Dolin, who trained her. A little later she became the skating star of a spectacular ice show at the Mogador. This, in 1938, was the first professional engagement of Belita Jepson-Turner, who was then fourteen years old. Her self-assurance was amazing—but then, so was her skating. Now, as "Belita," the critics find her even more sensational, but Paris would like to see her dancing again as well as skating; preferably with Anton Dolin. French balletomanes still speak of his last dance recital at the Salle Pleyel, a little before the war, when he and "Maria Belita" brought back forgotten thrills with their rendering of the *Spectre de la Rose*.

Swaebe



Eugénie Nancy and Victoria Alice, twin daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Vivian, with their parents after the christening at St. John's, Woking. Among the godparents were the Hon. Alastair Watson (left), the Hon. Sally Vivian, daughter of Lord Vivian, and Lady Caroline Thynne, daughter of the Marquess of Bath (right), and Adrian Bridgewater and Miss Bridget Younger (centre). In front are the twins' sisters, Rose and Deborah Vivian

Swabe

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL



Ogilvie

Edward Anthony Pearson, the three-and-a-half-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pearson of Foley Manor, Liphook, Hants. Mr. Pearson, a U.S. citizen, is head of the Pearson Research Foundation, and has lived in England since 1930

Two new naval personalities make their appearance this year in the Royal entourage. One is Lt.-Cdr. George Goselin Marten, D.S.C., whom His Majesty has appointed as a Temporary Equerry in place of Lt.-Cdr. Peter Ashmore, M.V.O., D.S.C., who becomes an Extra Equerry on returning to his general naval duties; and the other is Lt. Michael Parker, chosen by the Duke of Edinburgh to be First Equerry to himself and his wife.

Lt.-Cdr. Marten has been for some time at Sandringham, learning his new duties

under the guidance of that experienced courtier, Lt.-Col. Sir Piers Legh. Lt. Parker served with the Duke for some time during the war on North Sea patrols, and the two formed a close friendship in those often dreary and occasionally highly dangerous turns of duty. When Prince Philip, as he then was, was transferred to the British Pacific Fleet, to serve indirectly under his uncle, Lord Mountbatten, then Supreme Commander South-East Asia, he found his

friend again in the new theatre of operations, and the Household appointment is the result. It will be no sinecure, for it will entail attendance on both Princess Elizabeth when she is attending functions on her own, and on the Duke when he is at public gatherings.

The Duke of Edinburgh's decision to join the Royal Naval Staff College at Greenwich is a further indication of his set purpose to continue his naval career. His appointment to the Operations Room at the Admiralty was only a temporary one, designed to give him valuable experience in the interval of waiting for the next course at Greenwich. The Staff College is run as an independent entity within the Royal Naval College, and the Duke, besides learning much about signals, navigation, and similar naval matters, will hear lectures on politics and world affairs by Members of the Cabinet and other leading figures.

WHILE the Duke is at Greenwich he and the Princess will continue to make their headquarters in London, using Windlesham Moor—where some of their wedding-present furniture was moved in last month—as a weekend home. Like the King and Queen, the Princess and the Duke share a great love for the country and are looking forward to spring days in their garden at Windlesham.

During their stay at Buckingham Palace after their return from Sandringham, and before they moved into the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice's apartments at Kensington Palace, the Princess and the Duke

of Edinburgh spent many long hours busy in the attempt to catch up on their post-marriage correspondence. Several passers-by wondered at the absence of the Princess's personal standard from the Palace flagstaff, but I understand that her standard is never flown over the Palace, whose 40-ft. flagstaff is reserved only for the Royal Standard and, when Her Majesty is in residence alone, for the Queen's Standard.

MRS. ROOSEVELT, who is coming to London to unveil the statue of her husband, that great friend of Britain and wise leader of America, on April 12th, the third anniversary of the President's death, will probably stay a few days at Buckingham Palace as the guest of Their Majesties. With typical consideration, the King has let it be known officially that he has formally invited Mrs. Roosevelt herself to perform the act of unveiling the statue, in the presence of himself and of Her Majesty the Queen. The King and Queen have had a great friendship with Mrs. Roosevelt since they first met during the Royal visit to the United States in 1939.

A number of public engagements for the King and Queen have been announced for the coming months; and towards the end of June, they will pay what, to the immense satisfaction of their Scottish subjects, has become their regular annual visit to Edinburgh, staying in the capital of the "Second Kingdom" for some ten days, during which time they will be in residence at the old grey Palace of Holyroodhouse.

As was the case last year, there will be a special Presentation Garden Party at Holyrood for Scottish ladies, in addition to those to be held at Buckingham Palace as austerity "Substitute Courts." Whether Princess Elizabeth and her husband will accompany them is not yet definitely known. But the citizens of Edinburgh, who made the Princess one of their free burghers within a few days of her engagement last year, are anxious for an opportunity to bestow the same honour on the Duke who bears the name of their own proud city; and the Royal visit would be a delightful time to do this.

One of the largest L-shaped drawing-rooms in Portland Place the Polish Ambassador, Monsieur George Michalowski, entertained many of the heads of the Corps Diplomatique and their wives. The guests enjoyed enchanting music by the Morley College Orchestra and choir conducted by Michael Tippet. Their programme included Polish Christmas carols and haunting pieces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The doyen, H.E. Senhor de Aragao, the Brazilian Ambassador, afterwards congratulated, on behalf of his many colleagues, his host on the very enjoyable evening.

A brilliant linguist, Monsieur Michalowski mingled with his guests, speaking flawless French to Monsieur René Massigli and Vicomte de Thieusies; Russian to Monsieur Georgi Zarubin and Professor Nicolas Dolaphtchieff, the Bulgarian Minister, who were accompanied by their wives. Also at the party were the scholarly Italian Ambassador and his charming wife, the Duchess Gallarati-Scotti; Mme. Karel Dvoracek, the very decorative Prague-born wife of the Minister Plenipotentiary at the Czechoslovak Embassy in London, with her husband; the new Rumanian Chargé d'Affaires, Monsieur Georges Macovescu; the Danish Ambassador, Count Edouard Reventlow, and Monsieur Escher, the Swiss Chargé d'Affaires, whose Minister, the very popular Monsieur Paul Ruegger, was still in India, where he has been to open up the new legations in India and Pakistan.

MISS ANNE RAMSAY, the attractive daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gordon Ramsay, of Farleyer, Perthshire, wore a beautiful white and silver brocade dress with an unusual scallop-edged train, and a wreath of silver leaves to hold her tulle veil in place, for her marriage to Capt. Mervyn Sandys at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She was attended by two little pages, James Loudon and Anthony Reid, who carried out their duties in a most dignified way. They wore kilts and white shirts, with lace ruffles and frilly lace cuffs. The bridesmaids, Lady Belinda Pleydell-Bouverie, the Hon. Rosalind Bruce, Miss Daphne Gordon-Cumming, Miss Catherine Loudon and Miss Daphne Oldham, wore dresses of salmon-pink moiré with white fichus and half-circle wreaths on their hair.

After the service the bride's parents held a reception at the Dorchester and, with the bridegroom's parents, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. D. Sandys, received the guests, among whom were Lord and Lady Jellicoe, Mrs. Eric Penn, Viscount Stormont, on his way back to Eton, Lord and Lady Dormer, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, Major and Lady Cecilia Wiggin, Lady Latta, Lady Aberdare, Major and Mrs. Howard Kerr, Sir Edward and Lady Cripps and Capt. Priestley, who was best man. The bride and bridegroom later left for their honeymoon, which is being spent in Eire.

A BRILLIANT array of celebrities attended the première of Sir Alexander Korda's new film of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* at the Leicester Square Theatre, which I personally enjoyed enormously. Among those I saw in the great crush were Senhor de Aragao, the Brazilian Ambassador, and his charming wife, and the tall High Commissioner for Pakistan and Mme. Rahimtoola, wearing one of her lovely saris, who had a word with Monsieur Georgi

Zarubin, the quiet and charming Soviet Ambassador, on their way in. Mrs. Lewis Douglas, as chic as usual, wearing her lovely mink coat over a grey dress, arrived quietly and unnoticed by the army of press photographers. This was her first public appearance since her return from America. Mrs. Herbert Morrison was escorted by her husband, but Lady Cripps, quietly dressed in a black fur coat, came without Sir Stafford. Mr. Benjamin Welles, son of Mr. Sumner Welles, the U.S. diplomat, was with his English-born wife, who was looking most attractive and meeting many friends. Lady Cross brought her daughter Angela, and just behind were Mr. and Mrs. David Thomasson from the U.S. Embassy, Lord Margesson, escorting Lady Baillie, the French Ambassador escorting Lady Willoughby de Broke, who was wearing a beautiful Empire gown under her mink coat, Mr. Tony Wysard with his lovely wife, who was also wearing a mink coat over her black evening dress, and Lord Grantly, who had his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Bill Astor, and his son John with him. Mrs. Winston Churchill, wearing a grey fur cape over her evening dress, with her daughter Sarah slipped into their seats quietly downstairs, and later smiled happily at the tremendous applause from the audience which greeted the appearance of herself and her famous husband on the screen.

FILM and stage stars were too numerous to mention everyone, but amongst those I noticed were Sir Ralph Richardson and his wife; John Mills and his wife, Mary Hayley Bell; Ann Todd, wearing a striking long and full-striped dress and long black gloves, with her husband, Mr. Nigel Tangye, and her small son David; Valerie Hobson, who posed for photographers with her husband, Mr. Tony Havelock-

Others I saw at this première were Mr. Arthur Rank, Sir Alan Herbert, Mr. Bill O'Brien, Professor Joad, Mr. Wilmot, M.P., Lord and Lady Layton, and Sir Harry Brittain.

After the film I went on to supper at the Four Hundred, where many of the audience from *Anna Karenina* had arrived already. I also saw Mr. Tom and Lady Veronica Hussey with a party at a nearby table, Sir Jock and Lady Buchanan-Jardine with friends, Mr. Tom Blackwell, Mr. John Tabor, both racing enthusiasts, Mr. Jack Dunfee, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Harcourt-Smith at a table for two, and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles, in an attractive dress, dancing with tall Mr. Henry Garnett.

EVERY day I hear more news of people setting forth on travels. The latest I have heard of are Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, who are both sailing to-day on a business trip to America. Mrs. McCorquodale (Barbara Cartland, the author), who is also a very clever speaker, is going out on a tour of several U.S. cities representing 120 British authors. Her daughter Raine, alas, missed the last few weeks here with her mother, as she developed mumps while staying with her grandmother, Mrs. Cartland, in Worcestershire.

Two country-loving and sporting friends who have gone on a trip together to America and Bermuda, where they both own property, are Lady Throckmorton and Mrs. Peggy Dunne, who sailed in the Queen Mary at the end of last month. Both waited until after the children's school holidays, as their young families follow in their mothers' footsteps and ride well and love all outdoor sports. Lady Throckmorton's little daughter, Joanna Smith-Bingham, won a lot of prizes last year at gymkhanas and horse shows around her home in Sussex. Few people meeting quiet and good-looking Lady Throckmorton, who is always one of the best turned out women at any social gathering, know that, besides hunting and racing, she also runs a farm around her home in Sussex very efficiently. Mrs. Dunne is also a very practical farmer and farms a very big acreage from her home, Chadshunt Hall, in Warwickshire.

TWO other country lovers who have gone for a trip this winter are the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, who left their Scottish home last month for a visit to Jamaica. They had to leave just before the school holidays ended to get their passage. Lady Daphne Straight, the lovely wife of Mr. Whitney Straight, and Lady Milbanke, have also sailed for America. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler are flying out to South Africa in the middle of this month; their only son David was one of the young skiers chosen to go out to Switzerland with our Olympic competitors, and did well in some of the races, but was not one of the last eight to be chosen.

Others who have left for South Africa recently are Viscount Tarbat, who flew out on a business trip, and Sir Ernest and Lady Gowers. Lady Dill, widow of the late Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, our popular Chief of the Imperial General Staff during the early part of the Second World War, has gone out to Australia and New Zealand with her daughter, Miss Sonia Furlong.



Marcus Adams

Henrietta, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks. Her mother will be remembered as Joan Barry, the stage and screen actress, notably in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"



Marcus Adams

The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Agnew with her children Jennifer, aged ten, Jonathan, six, and Julian, four. She is the daughter of Lord and Lady Jessel, and her husband is a relation of Sir John Agnew, Bt., who was High Sheriff of Suffolk a year or two ago

Allen; Stewart Granger with Glynis Johns; Eileen Herlie, in a topless dress; Constance Cummings with her husband, Ben Levy; Robert Helpmann, Gladys Cooper, Sally Ann Howes and her mother, and Dulcie Gray.

Then the climax of the excitement came when Vivien Leigh arrived with her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, and had to stand for quite five minutes under a barrage of dazzling flashes from the photographers until they were joined by Viscount and Viscountess Jowitt, who stood with them for the final flash, then all proceeded upstairs with Sir Alexander Korda.



Mrs. Richards, Capt. Richards, Miss Bray, Major Bray and Col. Jackson at the dance, which was held at the Cavalry Barracks, Hounslow, Middlesex



Also among the large and happy gathering were Major Brown, Jun. Cdr. Thomas, A.T.S., Mrs. Brown, Miss Ellison, Capt. Gardner and Major Ives

Eastern Command Holds a Dance



Lt.-Col. Grimshaw, V.C., and Major Ives discuss the experiences of two wars



Lt.-Gen. Sir Evelyn and Lady Barker. Sir Evelyn commanded in Palestine in 1946



Controller Haynes, Deputy Director of the A.T.S., dancing with Brig. Pasley



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Mason sitting out during one of the dances



Lt.-Col. Patrick O'Kelly and Mrs. Bowring were also among the guests



Lady Denning, wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir Reginald Denning, and Major-Gen. Verney



Capt. Patrick Haslehurst with Miss Margaret Cripps and Capt. D. S. Scull



Capt. Dover, M.C., and Junior Cdr. Murphy, M.B.E., A.T.S., share a joke



Senior Cdr. Ellingson, of the A.T.S., with Capt. Dover and Controller Haynes

Earl Fitzwilliam's Coollatin Hunt Hold Their Ball at Shillelagh



Cdr. Richard Connell with Lady Rathdonnell, who is the wife of the fourth baron



Mr. P. J. Hickey and Miss P. Lambert, who are followers of the Wexford Hounds



Earl Fitzwilliam, Master of the Coollatin Hounds, dancing with Mrs. M. P. Sheane



Mr. H. J. Longinotto, Secretary of the Surrey Union Hounds, and Miss J. Brandon



Miss V. Hartigan, daughter of Mr. Hubert Hartigan, and Mr. R. More O'Ferrall, were two of Earl Fitzwilliam's house party



Mr. Bill Kendall and Lady Joan Philipps, who is the second of Lord Fitzwilliam's three sisters



Mr. Braddell Smith and Mr. M. Doyne, who is the son of a former Master of the Coollatin Hounds



Mrs. R. Edge, Joint-Master of the Island Hounds, Wexford, with Mr. C. H. O'Morchoe and his mother, Mrs. O'Morchoe



Fennell, Dublin
Lord Rathdonnell and Countess Fitzwilliam take the floor in a quick-step

Self-Profile

Sid Field

I'd never have been able to earn my living as a writer, but since I've been asked to do a piece—and about myself, too—I'll have a bash.

My theatrical career began when I was eight. I gave imitations of Charlie Chaplin in my father's trousers and boots. My "stage" was a poor street in Sparkbrook, Birmingham, where my mum and dad lived. First I did imitations in the garden and my pals paid in cigarette cards for admission. (I used to collect fag cards. Sporting series, mostly. Remember them? Champion Footballers, County Cricketers, Regimental Badges—and Boxers. My old pal Freddie Welsh, the finest performer I ever saw in the ring, was among that last lot.)

The first show I did in a street, taking off Chaplin, caused such an obstruction that I had to pack it up and run for it with the Bobbies after me.

My dad ought to have been on the stage. He was a born comedian, and he made us all laugh a lot at home. He was a whip-maker by trade. Never used one on me, though. In fact, he only smacked me once in my life, and that was for saucing my mother.

As a lad I was a good cricketer. If I'd had a chance I'd have had a go at being a professional. Once I played for a decent side—as a substitute—and made 13, not out, against men. My old man was as proud as if I'd won a medal.

But that was the finish of that lot. Things were bad at home, and I had to help out. I sent 6s. 6d. home every week out of the 7s. 6d. I earned for my first stage job, and mum had most of the £2 10s. I got for my first real small part. That was in a show called *Wobble*. I've wobbled a bit since, I can tell you, but I've managed to get by.

I've been around a bit. Toured all the big cities, and the dumps as well. You don't miss many places in thirty years on the boards. Success? Well, it came gradually, bit by bit, until I struck the West End.

Spivs? Slasher Greens? They're a type, the same all over the place in their own particular way, whether you find them in Balham or Birmingham. In London I play Slasher as a Cockney, in Brum as if he was a local boy.

I study them sometimes in Soho. The other day one of them said to me: "Ere! You ain't 'arf givin' us a bit of bleedin' going over, ain't yer?"



Sid Field watches his ten-year-old daughter Elaine ("Tootie") begin a dance routine in the garden of their Roehampton home



"Rhythm does it," says father, "with plenty of expression"



"I always said that cat had no sense of humour"



After the fun, the piano lesson must be taken seriously

by *Sid Field*

I've been called a lot of things in my time—even been referred to as a "Great Droll," by a chap who was beefing that there weren't any good comics these days, not compared with thirty or forty years ago. That's the bunk. In those days a funny man put on funny clothes and sang a funny song—always the same song, too, mark you, year after year. Now you have to work to keep it fresh. No good comics? What about Jimmy James, the great stage drunk, or Jack Radcliffe, or Ted Ray? They'd line up with the best I can remember; say, George Formby, Senior, or Harry Tate.

AUDIENCES make the show and arrange the laughs for themselves. It's not so much what I say that's funny, it's the way I say it—and I say it different every time. I'm dead nervous before every performance. I don't just get sick with stage fright—I get petrified, wondering if they'll still think I'm funny.

I've played to some queer houses in my time. I'll not forget one show in Birmingham at the beginning of '41, during the longest raid ever—fourteen hours of it. Curtain up at 10.30 in the morning, and it was a Panto, too. There they were, kids and all, blitz or no blitz. There's spirit for you. Blimey, I could have cried when I saw them.

I first met the wife in Newcastle-on-Tyne. She was a troupier then, only sixteen. It wasn't love at first sight or anything like that; in fact, it was quite a while before I got around to proposing. Now we've been married fifteen years.

She doesn't come to the theatre nowadays. There's too much gossip, and I like Connie to be home and look after the kids, Tootie, who's ten, and Diane, just twelve.

They've both got a flair for the stage, but they've got to be good if they're going in for it.

Plans? I don't make them, either for work or play. A holiday isn't a holiday unless you do just what appeals to you at the moment. I take life as it comes. Plans go wrong too often.

Birmingham was my first love, but I've got a soft spot for London. After all, didn't it bring me fame and fortune—and three Royal Command performances in a year? That's a bit of cake from anyone's point of view, a lot more from any troupier's angle, and—however you squint at it—it means quite a bit to me.



Elaine, with her parents, studies a fresh stage script



Off for a round of golf. Sid Field is fond of sport, and at one time cherished the hope of becoming a professional cricketer

Photographs by Pictorial Press



Mrs. Heaton-Manning, of New York, takes a long view from the terrace of the Palace Hotel



H.H. Prince Pahlavi of Iran spending a holiday in the Alps after three years at Harvard



Along the familiar winding road to Salastains walk visitors

THE WINTER SPORTS SEASON GETS



Mr. R. A. Parke, President of the Corviglia Club, and Mrs. Parks in front of the clubhouse



King Peter and Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia with the Queen's mother, Princess Aspasia of Greece, starting out on a ski-ing expedition from the town



their way to brush up their technique at the Ski-ing School

WINTER WAY

Scenes from St. Moritz, where Britain is chiefly represented by a handful of Olympic competitors



Princess Gloria Fakhry, a visitor from Egypt, who found the snows of Switzerland invigorating



Major Hubert Martineau, the skating judge, and Miss Bridget Shirley Adams, the British figure-skating expert



Count and Countess Charles Seilern with their children, Count Peter and Countess Henriette, lunching at the Zuberhut after returning from their eldest daughter's wedding in Vienna

Dr. R. H. Schloss



Miss Gretchen Merrill and Mr. Richard Button, two of the Olympic entrants from the United States



"Vainly demanding, now and then, a decent cup of tea"

"Some nice fresh stamps, suitable for an invalid lady"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

[Decorations]
by Wysard

Standing By ...

IN Wimpole Street, we gather, there is unanimous approval for the new gilt-and-silver badge of the Royal Army Dental Corps, namely a dragon's head and a sword in a laurel-wreath, with the motto *Ex Dentibus Ensis* (From the Teeth, a Sword).

As to precedence in the Army List, we suggest to jealous old cats in the Service clubs alleging this crack corps to be of relatively new establishment that they should study a picture by Hogarth called *Picquet, or Virtue in Danger*, showing a handsome young captain of the R.A.D.C., temp. George III, apparently tempting the honour of a lady of quality, who has just lost heavily to him at cards. Actually, as modern critics have established, this officer's gestures show that he is merely begging one tiny precious molar as a souvenir, in accordance with that disinterested gallantry which is the Wimpole Street tradition even to-day. The scene is taken from some forgotten play, and probably ran thus:

LINDAMIRA: La, Sir!—I vow!—O, confusion!—
CALISTO: Nay, Madam, I proteft—'tis a custom of the old Corps. Halloo, you there! (*Enter fiddles.*)
Play away the new French fong.

SONG.

When Cynthia doth those pearls display,
Love bids my forceps fondly fray;
Should one fly thence, 'tis nothing strange!
Cupid is winged, and doth range.

(*Exeunt fiddles.*)

LINDAMIRA: Sure there is no withstanding you gentlemen of the Army!

CALISTO: A little wider, Madam, an't please you.—So!

In the 1750's forceps were not slung in a case over the left shoulder, as now, but attached to the swordbelt.

Exit

RESIGNATIONS from the National Liberal Club, a chap in close touch tells us, are of two kinds—simple or ferial (such as Lord Simon's the other day) and festal; the latter ceremony involving a Fertility-Dance round the Gladstone Statue by whiterobed female Whigs of exquisite beauty and a final solemn dismissal by the Spirit of Liberalism, a tableau remarkably (this chap says) resembling the drawing by "Phiz" of Mr. Pecksniff dismissing Tom Pinch.

Other leading clubs take leave of petulant, froward, or erring members less elaborately, except that at the Bath the ex-member's loofah is ceremonially broken across the knee after his

departure by the Chief Janissary. At the Athenæum, so far as we can discover, resignation is only apparent, since no member can ever cease being a member in the spiritual and metaphysical sense. It is a vocation, and the most frivolous observer can hardly help realising, as he passes those impressive windows, that the boys inside strongly resemble the saints in a Low Church heaven; that is to say, they set us a good example, but are not interested in our private affairs.

Resignations from the Royal Automobile Club. . . . But let us hasten gracefully on, avoiding despondency on the one hand and vertigo on the other.

Uplift

MEMBERS of the Race desiring to submit themselves to the improving influences of the English Lakes can now do so in larger numbers, we note, the National Trust having just acquired another 2,260 acres west of Ullswater.

As Continental travel is so far still forbidden, the baneful counter-influences of the Italian Lakes can not yet lure victims of the *fatigue du Nord* to the primrose path, infecting them—as we have often observed—with such Latin cynicism that if you showed them a daisy they'd mock at it. Wordsworth's own feverish attempt to warn the Race off Como and Maggiore is well known:

I travell'd among frightful
men

In lands beyond the sea,
Vainly demanding, now
and then,

A decent cup of tea (etc.).

Afterthought

UNFORTUNATELY for us Wordsworth-fans, we now find ourselves on the same side as the Intelligentsia, who took Wordsworth up with enthusiasm recently on discovering his little affair with Annette Vallon, which qualifies him for a high mark in Charlotte Street, alas. A similar sexy brawl would qualify even Tennyson as a serious poet. In fact we once put Tennyson across a horrible Bloomsbury

party quite accidentally by having a cold in the head and reciting from *Maud*:

Birds id the high Hall-garded,
Whed twilight was fallig,
"Bawd! Bawd! Bawd! Bawd!"
They were cryig ad callig.

Till then Bloomsbury had dismissed Tennyson as a Fascist beast. They now think him nearly as vital as Eric Stensch.

F.R.C.M.O.

AT the Royal College of Organists in Kensington Gore a music-lover's recent lament to the Press over the mouth-organ shortage was naturally received with bitter sneers, our spies report. Jealousy of the Royal College of Mouth-Organists in Marylebone has riven the racket in twain ever since 1845. Queen Victoria's speech on opening the R.C.M.O. contained a significant warning:

I have great pleasure in declaring this College open and dedicating it to the service of Musical Art and the well-being of My people, and I don't want to see any F.R.C.O.s spitting on F.R.C.M.O.s' hoods on Degree Day. Big mouths should be used not for insulting fellow-artists but for humbly endeavouring to produce strains of heart-stirring melody. Is Mr. Mendelssohn in the house? (*Cries of "Yes, Ma'am!"*)

Well, Mr. Mendelssohn, I look to you for a lot of tasty work for this College, and if you get any trouble from those stop-twiddlers in Kensington you know what to do. *All right.*

Social inequality is half the trouble, our spies add. Rich women expect F.R.C.O.s (who are served with food on a tray downstairs) to bring an organ and dance on it, wearing an absurd tartan skirt and catching pennies in a tin. F.R.C.M.O.s on the other hand are petted and fussed over, like poets, actors and monkeys.

Jape

A RUSS by one of Auntie Times's readers about the way stamp-buyers are held up in post-offices while the minor devils of Commerce are served wholesale inevitably



"Few women look very nice
in current fashions . . ."

recalled that fireless playboy Edward Sothern, star of the Victorian stage and creator of the original Lord Dundreary in *Our American Cousin*.

Sothern would dash into a busy post-office and ask for—"some nice fresh stamps, suitable for an invalid lady." This kind of conversation with the stony female behind the grille would follow:

"What price stamps d'you want?" (Sniff.)

"I don't care. It doesn't matter. Expense absolutely no object, but they must be fresh."

(Stony female unwillingly produces a few sheets of various denominations, which Sothern carefully inspects.)

"These blue ones are a shilling each?"

"Yes." (Sniff.)

"I'm afraid they won't do. Nice colour, but not half fresh enough. Dear Lady Agatha would never forgive me! Have you any others?"

And so forth; after which, rejecting the lot, and careless of the fuming crowd stamping all round him, Sothern would dash out again. You say private japes like this aren't very satisfying. We say (a) they are often more so than japes requiring a stooge, and (b) they actually have a stooge; but as (b) would lead us into metaphysics we refrain from developing it. We may add that a lot of Sothern's jokes were vast, complicated, and rather tedious. But he enjoyed them all, and who are you to curl a lip at boyish happiness?

Master.

NOTING an appeal for the George Borrow Memorial Fund, we wondered why the organisers don't tap an obviously profitable source by inviting the leading liars of Great Britain to head the list.

Borrow's mastery in this field is so unquestioned ("Did he ever tell the truth?" cried the late eminent critic Thomas Seccombe) that possibly only modesty holds his current imitators back. Oscar Wilde's admirable essay called *The Decay of Lying* puts the crux clearly:

The only form of lying that is absolutely beyond reproach is lying for its own sake, and the highest development of this is . . . lying in Art.

Few of the modern boys have Borrow's genius or zest, apart from that disability to which modern psychologists attribute all the wondrous feats, mental and physical, performed by him in the absence of witnesses. And quite frankly anyone who (like us) takes a daily basinful of Press and radio is only too sadly aware of the pitiful crudity of Borrow's disciples, especially in the political world. Those of them who can read should surely tell the others? And meanwhile what about a memorial to dear old Mrs. Herne, his venerable gipsy chum, who took a poke at Mr. Borrow, in a moment of petulance, with a sharp stick?

Looksee

IF to admire a sunset is (Wilde, once more) the mark of the provincial, it is certainly quite damnably provincial to encourage the illusions of the simple, as the Press boys did when six natives of Tristan da Cunha recently visited Capetown and were duly enraptured by the marvels of Civilisation, of which our inky brethren are extremely proud.

We should have thought more highly of the Tristan da Cunha boys if one of them had finally revolted from the gay metropolis with a cry of "How absurd!" During the ensuing row the following indisputable truths might have emerged:

- (1) Unpleasing persons travelling fast by means of the internal-combustion engine remain unpleasing.
- (2) Few women look very nice in current fashions (or indeed in anything).
- (3) Fifty-seven nickelled plugs in the bathroom do not make the citizenry particularly happy.
- (4) Sam Goldwyn does not make the citizenry particularly happy.

And so forth, leading to the primal truth that as all happiness comes from within, Tristan da Cunha is as good a place to live in as anywhere. No offence.

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A popular little songster, whose dulcet notes and modest bearing make it an ideal household pet.



The National Health-Bill—or Little Red Mocking-Bird

(Downwiththevireun—Exceptinmii.)

ADULT MALE: General colour above ruddy—the longer it sits the ruddier it becomes; crested on the dome of the head and above the eye-sacs with very shaggy sable feathers; beak squat and pugnacious in appearance; body feathers sombre and ordinary, fine feathers being completely "foreign" to this member's personal decor; legs short and sturdy; feet leathery and large, which latter it often has occasion to use for kicking sleeping mammals.

HABITS: This noisy little native of the Westminster backwaters is looked upon with a certain amount of respect by the younger members of the genus and with great amusement by the older members. Apart from "mocking" the songs of other birds, it has other irritating, and amusing, little habits—especially when nest-building. This latter preoccupation is well worth

watching, should the observer be lucky enough to see it.

The bird commences by uttering its shrill, excitable cry, a kind of "Howsisfrall—Howsisfrall," gradually fading away until it is naught but a whisper. It then surrounds itself with monstrous great piles of paper matter and, before the observer can say "Prefabricate," the bird will dart away to find some other healthy occupation in which to stick its bill. The bird has extraordinarily good traffic sense as, when flushed, it will always move by the left, avoiding the middle course like the plague. It is never right.

HABITATS: Mainly Westminster, where its shrill call may always be heard engaged in some awful argument with other members of its genus, whether right—or wrong.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

It will have been good news to all Scotsmen, and likewise to many who do not enjoy the privilege of having been born north of the Tweed, to learn that a new part of the Scottish National Dictionary is soon to be published: "to help to preserve a genuine patriotic interest in her vernacular for purr old Scotland's sake," and that the editor, Mr. David Murison, is seeking information from volunteers about Scottish words "not found in books, but having colloquial use at various times in different parts of the country."

If this magnificent aim is achieved, it will come as a boon not only to the sons of Caledonia stern and wild, but also to those hordes of Sassenachs, both on and off the stage, who, for some inscrutable reason, essay to speak the language with, as we know too well, such devastating results. If this new work contains, in addition, the phonetic spelling of some of the many tongue-twisters, how greatly increased will be our gratitude. Most Englishmen, especially those who know a little German, are not defeated by the labials in "it's a braw bricht moonlit nicht the nicht!" and "Ablins. Aye! Ablins na'—Ablins!" may also be within our capacity; but there is much more that is not so elementary.

Mr. Micawber Floored

It will be recalled by all who have been properly brought up, that this great philosopher frankly admitted that he did not even know what "gowans" were, or how they should be "pu'd," and it is certain that he cannot have had any idea at all as to what "a richt guid—wull—e—waught" was. May we look hopefully towards Mr. David Murison, since there are bundles of us just as stupid as Mr. Micawber?

What, for instance, is a "cranreuch" and a "daimen-icker in a thrave"? We know that both have something to do with the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin tim'rous beastie," but there we are stuck, and have got to take Rabbie's word for it. No matter how brazen the face he may put upon it, no Englishman can truthfully say that he really enjoys "a nicht wi' Burns." Ninety-nine per cent. of them do not even like haggis, however much they may appreciate the things called "quichs" (I spell from hearsay), the little loving cups full of John Barleycorn that go with it.

Other phrases are not so difficult for us, for "Gie's a keek in yere by gayin'!" has, I believe, been freely translated in Poplar "Pop in when you're passin'!" What is a "Broachailaeen"? I think I know, but do many? And how many Englishmen who try to sing "The Laird o' Cockpen" know that a "tappit hen" is not a fowl? A chieftain from Fifeshire gave me the following lucid explanation: "One mutchin = one Imperial pint. Three mutchins = one tappit hen." No wonder the lady of Cockpen found it safer to sit when she was "weel-tappit."



Some Best Performances (contd.)

THE big entry for the Grand National (March 19th or 20th) at present invites no comment. Nothing unexpected has happened excepting the fatal accident to poor Kami. Continuing the short notes about the best performances of possible aspirants this year, the next number is (8) Revelry. Undoubtedly his best last season was his decisive win in the Irish Grand National (3½ miles) over Fairyhouse on April 7th in very heavy going. He had 11 st. 5 lbs. on his back, and, leaving out the two placed ones, Highland Lad and African Collection, he had some other pretty good horses behind him: for instance, Halcyon Hours, eleventh in the Grand National, Roimond, Cloncarrig, who started favourite, and Charles Edward, whom we have seen recently. Revelry had the race won half-a-mile from home.

In the Grand National at Aintree, for which he was much fancied by the Irish Brigade, the first fence turned him over. I cannot tell you what happened, and I did not hear of any interference. There was a big field of fifty-seven, and in such case anything can happen. He won the Irish G.N. like the good one that I am sure he is, and I am told that his connections are full of confidence. His recent defeat at Lingfield means nothing. (9) Fear Cruaid: won the 3-miles 100-yards, Bray Chase at Leopardstown on Boxing Day, readily presenting Lough Conn with 18 lbs. and a length beating. That good Irish jockey D. L. Moore was on his back, but I hear that he is booked for Revelry in the National.

Those who have seen Fear Cruaid say that he is one that makes your mouth water, that is, if you are fond of sitting on a good-shaped one. My little friend, who knows him well, says that he has a grand front on him and that he meets them as a good horse should.

More From Ireland

CLONCARRIG (10): Another of these beautiful Irish horses. As already mentioned, he started favourite for their National, but the mud anchored him. Then he came over here and won the 'Molyneux' Chase at Aintree absolutely pointless, and never touched a twig. The Irish Handicapper makes him out 9 lbs. better than Caughoo and 21 lbs. better than Lough Conn at 3 miles. For myself, I am going to wait and see what our highly competent official thinks of them over 4 miles 856 yards and those real fences.

(11) Charles Edward: won the Ulster National, won a 3-miles 'chase at Birmingham, on November 23rd, giving 12 lbs. to a goodish one like Occultor, and then he came out at Cheltenham on December 3rd and won the 3-miles hurdle race just as he liked. He would not have blown snuff off a sixpence at the finish. Not much blandishment: obviously a fine turn of foot, but whether he jumps well enough for Aintree remains to be seen. Even his weight and brawn will not carry him through those obstructions. (12) Weevil: won the Stayers 4-mile Handicap 'Chase at Cheltenham on December 30th, and on Boxing Day won a 2½-mile 'Chase at Kempton. The Cheltenham performance obviously is the better one, the more so because Sheila's Cottage was third.

She was one of the very unlucky ones in last year's National: knocked down by a loose horse at the twelfth. She was jumping like a book, and when this happened it was no 40 to 1 against her. As to Weevil, I do not think that at present he knows quite enough about it. I should like to see someone of the George "Manifesto" Williamson class on his back before saying yes or no.

And Some More.

ROWLAND ROY (13): In spite of his win over 3 miles at Kempton, getting only 2 lbs. from Klaxton, I prefer the latter, who had all the kicks and none of the ha'pence in this race. Rowland Roy fell at Becher's the second time in last year's Grand National, and he won the Scottish National, but I have a wholesome fear of Klaxton, principally because he is trained by Jack Anthony, and will probably be ridden by one of the best practitioners in The Trade, R. Smyth. I hope he will be, anyway. (14) Cottage Rake: recently won the December Handicap 'Chase at Leopardstown: has won the Irish Cesarewitch and also over hurdles, and on this they have called him "the best steeplechase horse in Ireland." It is said that he jumps very well indeed, but Leopardstown is not Aintree, neither is Fairyhouse.

In this recent race, according to reports public and private, he left them all standing still, in spite of the Irish mud being deep and holding. They tell me that he is going to be backed for pounds, shillings and pence.



J. Rimmer, the slipper, about to slip the winner Large as Life (Mr. O. Lucas) and Harrogate in the final of the President's Cup



Cdr. Singleton with two prominent owners, Mr. J. A. Dewar and Sir Richard Burbidge



Mr. J. Wilson, the judge, and Dr. Howard Halper. The meeting was at Druid's Lodge, near Salisbury, by invitation of Mr. J. V. Rank



Miss Inns, daughter of the trainer Mr. W. Inns, holding his good-looking kennel of greyhounds

Coursing at Salisbury



The Belgian team which competed in the British Women's Squash Championships held at the Lansdowne Club: Mlle. N. Giamonna, Mme. L. Boon, Mme. Van der Elst, Mlle. M. de Borman, Mme. J. Germaine and Mme. Pottier. All were knocked out before the final rounds except Mlle. de Borman, who reached the last eight by beating Miss P. Cowney, of Sutton Coldfield, 10-8, 9-7, 9-5. Miss P. J. Curry won the championship



Mrs. H. Bleasby was another survivor of the early stages, beating Mrs. V. Leakey in the third round

Scoreboard



IN the last twenty years or so, much has been done for the young games-player of limited opportunity and space; and much remains to be done. Lamp-posts have many uses, material and aesthetic. They are also useful to revellers who wish to address H.M. constabulary from above.

I remember an illustrious Rugby footballer who, in a subsequent paragraph, was "described as a schoolmaster" . . . but, as wickets for young cricketers, lamp-posts lack a gracious somewhat, and the space around them is too populous for accurate field-placing. Street-football, too, appeals to few but a young glazier with wife and rising family.

Thousands of teen-agers owe the place and the spirit of their games to the wisdom of Clarence, third Baron Aberdare, who, as C. N. Bruce, was, in the 1920's, the comet of the cricket-field, a glorious and slightly unpredictable appearance for Middlesex. As a batsman, he had wrists that seemed like some novelty of steel and rubber, and the sort of cool daring which Parisians of the extreme Left Wing found so irksome in the case of Sir Percy Blakeney. He excelled in the stroke which some call Bowler's Apoplexy, the high pull-drive of the good-length ball on the stumps. I saw him bring it off time and again in the course of an innings of 80-odd against Yorkshire, and the bowlers' expressions, studied through field-glasses, were worth a chapter in any treatise on physiognomy.

IN rackets, Lord Aberdare had one of the most difficult services ever seen in the game, and he delivered it in a manner suggesting a Duke administering, by duty bound, corporal punishment to his son and heir; as a pair, he and Dr. H. W. Leatham, of Charterhouse, were apt to be an insoluble tactical problem. At tennis—the Henry VIII., not the Wimbledon, sort—Lord Aberdare was for long, among amateurs, second only to Edgar Baerlin. He also, in his time, played golf as well as cricket for Oxford University. At cricket, in his Middlesex days, he had many admirers, close and distant, among both sexes; but none so fervid as L. R. V. Prentice, an Australian who lived in England and played in a few matches for Middlesex.

Prentice had all the inclinations of a cricket Boswell. When his hero executed the famous

pull-drive, he would, from his pavilion seat, shout "Close the gates, Clarence!", to the astonishment and discomfort of chair-logged companions, who were working out their own bowling average to the nearest thousand or imagining Income Tax Relief via an Aged Relative Dependent Upon.

The things they say. The world is always pretending to worry about lost pictures and broken statues, unplayed sonatas and unwritten epics. Myself, it is the lost conversation that I lament. What did Menelaus say when he found that Helen, spiritual founder of Hollywood, had eloped with Paris? How did Nero express himself when a Christian killed a lion? What words, simple or complicated, escaped the beard of Dr. Grace when the Demon Spofforth was putting paid to England at the Oval in 1882?

Be such things as they may, Clarence Lord Aberdare is the youngest sixty-two to be seen between Piccadilly and Berkeley Square.

HARD LUCK, SIR.

My golfing friend, a Mr. Jive,
Putts like a dream, but cannot drive;
So, as he does not reach the green,
The best of him is never seen.

IN which connection, as public orators like to say while adjusting their upper set with the side of the tongue, how much longer are American professionals going to call the game they play so well by the name of Golf? Take "preferred lies" (like politicians persuading constituents): you drive; you don't like the place where your ball comes to rest; so you put it in a nicer place. Which is rather like a Soccer player taking a missed Penalty Kick over again, because he thought a spectator was going to heave a careworn tomato at him.

Then, having played your "preferred lie" with a cleverly-slotted iron, you find your ball on the green, but slashed and feathery. So you pick it up, throw it to the caddie for cleaning, and the caddie throws you back a nice, new round one. I cannot see why they stop here. If I were an American golf-ace, instead of being croquet champion of Greenland, I would count every putt as holed, and call it "preferred destination." Anyhow, that's how we used to manage things as boys at Hindhead, where we sliced and hooked, and shouted "Fore!" at Prime Minister D. Lloyd George.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.



Miss A. M. Carlisle, one of the semi-finalists, and Mlle. de Borman, who met in the fourth round



Mrs. Betty Hilton, of the Wightman Cup lawn-tennis team, played a very good game. She has only taken up squash recently

The Women's Squash Championship



Christopher Layer, of Booton, a Jacobite
executed for high treason in 1723

Elizabeth Bowen's Book Reviews

"Suddenly at His Residence"

"Land Without Heroes"

"Lady Shane's Daughter"

"British Music"



Joseph Hall, who was Royalist Bishop
of Norwich during the Civil War

TALK, these days, seldom turns on reading in general without somebody introducing a fierce note either for or against the detective-story. The ensuing argument tends to run off the rails because, quite often, both parties are not talking about the same thing.

Those against—who view the reading of crime-fiction as not a vice of *theirs*, but as a general vice of the age—have in mind one sort of abstract: a book which, inside a wrapper displaying a slaughtered blonde, flimsily clad, contains incidents only relieved of boringness by their brutality, alternately sordid and drab scenes, and tin-shape characters, the whole being served up in a style offensive to any literate person. Those in favour have in mind something which could not be more unlike: they think, therefore speak, of detective-stories from the point of view of the discriminating reader. They do, they can but, find their admiration hard to defend when all they get from the opponent is the mulish reply: "I can't help it—I'm just not interested in corpses on mats." To which is often added: "Surely there is enough unpleasantness in the world already?"

THAT last is, of course, incontestable—nobody can deny that we do well, at any time, to seek as our reading-matter the exalted, the idealistic and the sublime. All the same, frankly one must let up. And, as a let-up, may one not prefer the shapeliness and finely-adjusted tension of the good detective-story to the meanderings and, too often, fatiguing sentimentalities of the love-tale? A really towering novel is unbeatable—unless you cannot stand fiction of any kind, at any price, and prefer to keep to biography, travel, memoirs, criticism, poetry or history. There *can* be novels it is a tragedy, or, at any rate, a severe loss, to have missed. But one must face it that quite a number of novels are, though nicely written, written at low pressure: they just do not interest one quite enough. One must admit that there are to-day many counter-distractions, of, in the main, a not-agreeable kind—the full and whole-hearted attention of any reader becomes, therefore, harder to obtain. One has got, in one way or another, to be gripped.

A corpse on a mat is a distressing phenomenon, not in itself gripping. What can be gripping is the manner in which the phenomenon is treated. The sort of detective-story I most praise is that in which nice, perfectly normal people are involved in abnormal, horrid circumstances. How will they react?—and, among the different reactions of the group of persons one is given to study, which is the reaction that, though apparently blameless, is all the time concealing actual guilt? I suggest

that the detective-story, as it *can* be written, offers an unparalleled opportunity for the analysis of human character and the sifting, down to the bottom, of human motives. It is, in fact, the novel—or the novel as it should be—geared up one.

A good example of this is the work of Christianna Brand, who is among the very first few of our British detective-story writers. (It is odd, as I think I have remarked on this page already, how many of these are women: possibly the finesses of behaviour, as brought out by the claustrophobic atmosphere of suspicion, interest women more—dearly should I have liked to see a detective-story as written by Jane Austen.) Christianna Brand now gives us, as

her fourth book, *Suddenly at His Residence* (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). The one before, *Green for Danger*, enlarged on the fame already due to it by being—as I do hope the author will agree—admirably filmed. The scene of *Suddenly at His Residence* is in Kent, in that same Heronsford neighbourhood which contained the sorely-tried hospital in *Green for Danger*, and the action takes place during that same summer, 1944. How busy was Cockie (Inspector Cockrill to any other than friends, but most of his victims are friends) kept during that summer! This time, the action takes place in a country house, Georgian, with the charming name of Swanswater, residence of the charming, temperamental, impossible, ultimately ill-fated Sir Richard March.

It is Sir Richard's pleasure to summon around him, annually, his grandchildren for a family occasion—the anniversary of the death, at the height of the rose season, of their grandmother, his adored first wife, Serafita—foreign, a ballerina. He had, in his earlier days, reversed the usual pattern by having had a sublimely romantic wife and a cosy, prosaic mistress. After Serafita's death, the unassuming Bella, extracted from her seclusion at Yarmouth, has been more or less bullied into becoming the second Lady March: she now reigns at Swanswater—uneasily, reluctantly, but with an affectionate good humour which her step-grandchildren find very sympathetic.

During those years at Yarmouth, Bella, with her talent for doing the wrong thing, had, however, borne Sir Richard a child—a daughter, whose subsequent death with her husband in a boating accident has left behind the child of their union, Edward. Edward, eighteen and a neurotic case, is now a permanent resident at Swanswater—petted and fussed by Bella, by Sir Richard somewhat balefully seen. His addiction to a series of psycho-analysts has convinced Edward, who has convinced his relatives, that he is subject to *fugues*—i.e., black-outs of the consciousness in the course of which anything, however terrible, may be done, and completely forgotten later.

Edward, none the less, is liked (and Miss Brand makes us see quite well why) by his three step-cousins, Peta, Claire and Philip, the descendants of Serafita, and by Philip's wife, Ellen. When, during the summer night following the Serafita ceremonies, Sir Richard is murdered, there is reluctance on the part of Peta, Claire, Philip and Ellen to allow Edward to stand out as the obvious suspect—as, given his psychopathic peculiarity, he well might. The arrest, after the inquest, of one of the others increases Edward's torment of mind; and a



"A Norfolk Gallery," by R. W. Ketton-Cremer (Faber and Faber; 21s.), is a fascinating account of six outstanding figures of a county that has contributed more than its quota of remarkable personalities to English history. The illustrations on this page show three of Mr. Ketton-Cremer's subjects, that above being a portrait, after Kneller, of Sir Roger L'Estrange, the celebrated Cavalier wit and pamphleteer of Hunstanton

second murder, disposing of the so far only other likely criminal, heightens the pressure. Through it all, V-I's drum through the sky.

MISS BRAND has, as in her other books, succeeded in making all her characters not only convincing but so attractive, sympathetic and lovable that the fact that one of them *must* be guilty is not easy to face. One becomes very intimate with all these people, very closely knit up with their different hopes and fears—their minds and temperaments seem as open to us as do the sunny, flower-filled, dignified rooms of Swanswater: that in a corner of one of these something hideous should lurk seems incredible. Can there be anything one has overlooked?

Miss Brand plays fair; she has put all her cards on the table. She challenges us to *think*, to arrive at the truth by putting the right construction on given facts. We must not only study the pasts of these men and women, not only see the point of those various dramas of the heart in which, at the time of the murder, all Sir Richard's grandchildren happen to be involved; we delve, and that pretty deeply, into their psychologies. . . . Tension lasts to the end.

LAND WITHOUT HEROES," by G. F. Green (Home and Van Thal; 7s. 6d.), is a book of very remarkable short stories. I have seen several of these, isolatedly, in the magazines and reviews in which they originally appeared, and have been always struck by them. Collectively, the effect is still more powerful—without being, in the bad sense, overpowering. This observation is, I think, worth making; because it is a fact that quite often one cannot read more than four or five pages on end of high-voltage writing. That Mr. Green's stories, being of the kind and in the manner they are, should not only stand but emerge triumphantly from the test of being read one on top of the other, in uninterrupted succession, shows not only what distinguished work they really are, but also how well he controls his art.

The stories in *Land Without Heroes* are linked by having the same scene—the industrial North, or would it be the extreme of the North Midlands? Only my own untravelled ignorance makes me wonder; I feel that by anyone who had ever been there the district as pictured in

RECORD OF THE WEEK

"I FEEL so smoochie, when you hold my hand and you look in my eyes," thus sings Miss Lena Horne on one side of her first record to be released over here.

Miss Horne is a simple, thoughtful person. She is very beautiful to look at, she dresses in perfect taste, she is young, and she has immense talent; but, above all, she has a directness and sincerity which gives more than ordinary character to her art. She is accompanied by Luther Henderson, a pianist of much ability.

On the reverse side of the record she

sings, "'Deed I do," with Mr. Henderson and a rhythm accompaniment.

This is one of the new M.-G.-M. records just issued in Britain, introducing a number of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star artists on the wax. If nothing else has been achieved, many people who were unable to see Lena Horne when she appeared at the London Casino will now have the opportunity of hearing her in their own homes. Like the late Florence Mills, Lena Horne has a song in her heart, and she sings from it. (M.-G.-M. 111.)

Robert Tredinnick.

this book would be identifiable in a flash. And in fact so vivid, so evocative and so, one might almost say, haunted is Mr. Green's writing that, were I ever to go there, his Ennersdale and its surroundings would at once be identified by me. Industrialism—works, pitheads, street upon little street of gritty houses, stretches of wasteland, sprawling and darkling around the foot of crag and mountain country with river gorges.

Here is the opening paragraph of the title story:

A gang of boys stood at the corner of a desolate field, one of many. Behind them the gate slung half-open. Its stray look alone on the raised level of grass interrupted the monotony of mud-logged earth. The slung gate, the dirty, ragged group was the sole poor standard of life raised on this forgotten ground. Around the edge of the plateau, the fog huddled away everything but the cupolas, the shed roofs, the few chimney-stacks of Calverley Works, all but an occasional high, protracted whistle or sudden barking and squeal of dogs quarrelling, far above and below where you could see. . . . For them, there was nothing abnormally drab about this scene. The sogged fields, the half-blotted-out works, the distant whines and yellings would have meant more, perhaps to a southerner or a poet. But to these guttersnipes it was all familiar, where their parents found work. Fog and grime, it was the nature of the only place they knew—their home, as the discarded clothes were absorbed and forgotten by their own nature.

As against this scene, the stories are the reverse of drab—they are dynamic, always moving, sometimes terrible. In the title story, we have one solitary boy defying the local ban on carol-singing; "A Skilled Hand," with its grim climax in the derelict mill, is the story

of an obsession; "The Proud Friend" is the picture of a temperament too impatient for its place in life; "A Love Story" has a sharp delicacy; "The Acquittal" shows, in one adolescent youth, the heartbreak, the humiliating feeling of dissolution set up by unemployment. The characters in all the stories are young: there is a blend, throughout, of sharp-edged realism with poetry. No one who cares for writing, and, equally, no one who cares for life, should miss *Land Without Heroes*.

"LADY SHANE'S DAUGHTER" (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.) is the latest of the ever-to-be-welcomed novels of Magdalen King-Hall. Here, as ever, she shows herself thoroughly at home in the eighteenth century. Her likeable heroine Lucilla plays the difficult rôle of a beauty's daughter—lovely Lady Shane, once the untamed Lady Kathie of Carranscourt, Co. Galway, had, on her sixteenth birthday, married a somewhat too sober British peer: Lucilla, on from her nursery days, has adored the brilliant young mother whose escapades are the talk of London.

By the time Lucilla is fourteen, scandal has gone too far; Lady Shane, after a final break with her husband, retreats with her daughter to the Continent. Their wanderings are chronicled; sturdy Lucilla's fidelity and slow disillusionment, her mother's increasing indiscretion, make a story in which situations abound. Lady Shane's character and career were, we are told, inspired by those of the Lady Craven who became Margravine of Anspach—in this novel, also, we have a small, stuffy German court. But Miss King-Hall tells the story of a *déclassée*, and of the girl devotion binds to her wheel, in a manner imitatively her own.

"BRITISH MUSIC: AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BRITISH MUSICIANS" (Skelton Robinson; 18s.) has been compiled by Russell Palmer, and is wonderfully comprehensive. One can but subscribe to the view of Sir Malcolm Sargent—who contributes the Foreword—that, in these days when a wider and wider public listens to music, on the air if not in the concert hall, this book meets a felt need. It is not, he says, "for the fully-informed 'highbrow' . . . but should prove of great interest and value to the happy band of ordinary musical pilgrims."

Winifred Lewis

on Fashions

IF women had elected to wear rings through their noses, instead of dropping their skirts and diminishing their waists by a modest inch or so, there could hardly be more fuss from men.

One would think to hear them on the new fashions that the concealment of the average calf was a major loss. Incidentally, if appreciation of the short skirt had been as voluble as condemnation of the longer one, who knows, hems might have taken quite another direction.

The better to appreciate the inconsistency of the current fuss one need only reflect that very shortly before the war—1936, to be precise—skirts were happily drooping about the calves, part and parcel of a silhouette as excitingly curvaceous as the average drainpipe and without provoking any articulate disapproval from the sex we exist to please.

But seriously, the long era of uniformed, hatless and flat-heeled women has imposed the sacrifice of so many of the more intriguing aspects of feminine fashion that confronted again with the ghost of former things, women are themselves self-conscious while men take refuge in ridicule to conceal their nerves.

OF course the publicity boggy has invested the new fashions with terrors and implications that never actually existed. The New Look is not a mad casting-off of all sane principles of dress; it is not a

cynical flouting of serious values. Stripped of publicity and hysteria, it is a comparatively mild change from angles to curves, an emphasis upon the natural contours of the feminine form—what's so terrifying about that?

If any proof is needed of the endearing qualities of the new silhouette, it was given at the first of the Model Collections which opened this week. The sleepy atmosphere of a late-afternoon dress show exclusive to the hardened fashion press was galvanised when the first of Mattli's creations swam into view at his Friday show.

THIS designer combines fine workmanship and creative line with an endearing femininity. Seeing these clothes, every woman feels that *she* could be beautiful in them—than which there is no higher praise.

In the Collections now showing, the real meaning of the New Look as it will be seen in this country in the months to come is defined. There is nothing

odd about it, no hint of eccentricity, but merely a leaning towards all those more endearing characteristics of feminine adornment so long and so sadly missed.

Hardy Amies describes his Spring Collection as "tactically speaking, a consolidation of the New Look. Our job," he says, "now returns to the invention of detail and perfection of finish." His silhouette alternates between the full-skirted, narrow-waisted trend and the narrow shoulders and narrow-skirted outline.

Pleats are lavishly used, giving further emphasis to the feminine trend. Molyneux uses them lavishly, both pressed and unpressed, and introduces the rustling taffeta petticoat with an occasional peeping frill below the 14-in. hemline.

His "Renoir" silhouette of 1870 is used with charming effect in these cases with tight-fitting buttoned bodice above short padded basques and stiffened taffeta petticoats under the full circular skirts.



**McKillopp — Good**

Capt. Ian McKillopp, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. McKillopp, of the White House, St. John's Road, Farnham, married Miss Daphne Good, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Good, of The Avenue, Andover, at St. Martin's Church, Salisbury

**Verney — Boscawen**

Lt./Cdr. David Verney, Royal Navy, younger son of Lt.-Col. Sir Ralph and Lady Verney, of Eaton Square, S.W., married the Hon. Mary Kathleen Boscawen, only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Falmouth, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

**Swainson — Bendall**

Lt. Anthony Swainson, Royal Navy, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Swainson, married Miss Crystal A. F. Bendall, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bendall, of Rivermead Court, S.W.6, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

**Niven — Tersmeden**

Mr. David Niven, son of the late Mr. William Graham Niven and the late Lady Comyn-Platt, married Mrs. Hjordis Tersmeden, daughter of the late Johan George Genberg and the late Gerda Genberg, of Stockholm, in London

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review

**Sandys — Ramsay**

Capt. Mervyn Edwyn Myles Sandys, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. O. Sandys, of Graythwaite Hall, North Lancashire, married Miss Anne Ramsay, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gordon Ramsay, of Farleyer, Perthshire, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Jane Plotz

Miss Patricia Marie Avis, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Avis, of Johannesburg, who is to be married in June to Mr. Colin Strang, only son of Sir William and Lady Strang, of London



Mrs. J. A. Persse, widow of Major Jocelyn Arthur Persse, and younger daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. C. M. Blackman, who is to marry Lt.-Col. Francis Edgar Anthony Fulford, the Rifle Brigade



Fayer

Miss Ann Whitcombe, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. G. Whitcombe, who is to be married in the summer to Capt. R. N. Ohlenschlager, R.A., younger son of the late Cdr. N. A. G. Ohlenschlager, D.S.O., R.N., and of Mrs. C. H. d'Arch Smith



Navana

Miss E. M. G. Bond, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bond, of Tyneham, Corfe Castle, who is to marry Mr. D. P. Williams, eldest son of Sir Philip Williams, Bt., and Lady Williams, of Bridehead, near Dorchester



Bassano

Miss E. M. Chitty, only child of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. W. Chitty, of Riversdale, Guilden Morden, Cambridgeshire, who is to marry Mr. J. H. Randall, only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Randall, of Old Manor House, Brasted, Kent



Harlip

Miss Lesley Ailsa Hutchinson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hutchinson, of 9, Catherine Place, S.W.1, who is engaged to Mr. Charles Gordon Birchall, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Birchall, of Inveresk, Wellington Road, Wallasey



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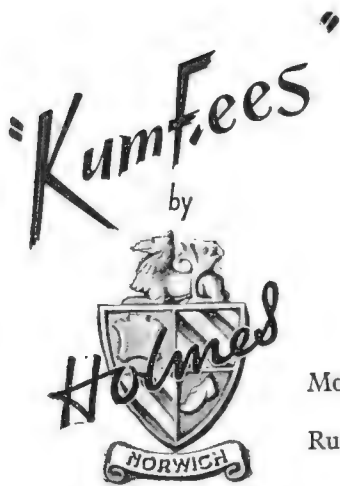
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Oliver Steward on FLYING

It was restful, in the midst of the violent controversies that raged at the time of the publication of the Tudor I Report and the accounts of the three air line corporations, to visit the Royal Aeronautical Society and to have the opportunity of meeting Dr. Roxbee Cox, the President, and Mrs. Roxbee Cox, and of looking over that marvellous collection of old prints, books, engravings, autographs and news cuttings, known as the Hodgson-Cuthbert collection.

John Cuthbert began collecting about 1820. A portrait of Pilâtre de Rozier which he bought in Paris is endorsed, "Jany, 1823." Among the historic names which are given a habitation in the collection are those of the Montgolfier brothers, Charles, Lunardi, Sir George Cayley, Garnerin, James Sadler, Stringfellow, Hargrave and F. W. Lanchester.

How strange it is to examine these pictures of balloons and parachutes, many of them beautifully executed, and to speculate upon the reason which compelled men to learn how to sustain themselves in the air! How tragic to think that the main outcome of that effort has been an increase in destructive power and—over all—a diminution in happiness.

At first it was all a wonderful circus show, a thing of pleasurable thrills. In fantastically coloured aerial vehicles bold showmen adventured while the crowds below marvelled at their daring. Gradually it became more scientific; more controlled; more predictable and—unfortunately—more deadly. Since 1914-18 aviation has never really succeeded in taking off its military uniform.

Pig in a Poke

In those earlier days the followers of aviation paid their money and got an aeronautical exhibition in return. In these days they pay their money, but are never quite certain what they are going to get in return. Moreover, it is no longer within their powers to decide whether they will pay their money. If they are taxpayers they must pay for what is politely, if inaccurately called, "commercial aviation."

I saw little sign in the House of Lords debate that anyone had seized the great aeronautical problem of today. It revolves around the question of why people should be forced to sustain air lines by taxation. If they are a defence need, then we shall all pay willingly enough. But no Government spokesman dares to say that the three nationalised air line corporations are strategic in purpose. There is always some kind of pretence that they are for serving your and my travel needs.

Personally, I would rather see aviation become a circus turn again than see it becoming a mighty technical and administrative structure being mounted for the next act of destruction.

Tudor Talk

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL Sir Christopher Courtney and Messrs Mould, Taylor and Awnsbrough, deserve the thanks of the general public for the way in which they fulfilled their duties in the preparation of the Interim Report of the Committee of Inquiry into the Tudor aircraft. It is a careful and scrupulously fair document.

Unfortunately it is rather long, and in consequence, many of those who made public comment upon it were unable to read it all beforehand. This was sufficiently obvious from some of the opinions. The fact is—and I read every word in the report and read it carefully—the report is mostly in favour of A. V. Roe, Ltd. Of the eighteen conclusions, only two can be held to be critical of this company and they are only mildly critical.

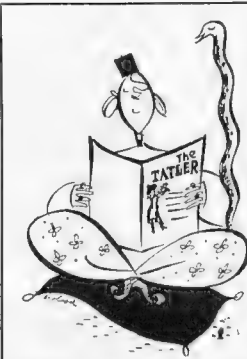
As for the Government observations in the beginning of the report, it is fairly obvious that those who penned them had not read, or had not fully understood the report. And indeed, it might be difficult for busy men not versed in the ways of aviation.

Breath of Life

I HAVE been reading one of the most fascinating books that has come my way for a long time. It is by that supreme expert in every kind of breathing apparatus, Sir Robert H. Davis, and it has the name (which sounds queer until you think it out), *Breathing in Irrespirable Atmospheres*.

The book came to me because it has important matter concerned with aircraft pressurization; but it has a wide reader interest and discusses a multitude of forms of apparatus for enabling divers, firemen and airmen to keep breathing. It also contains some unusual historical matter about the early use of poison gas and incendiaries.

It is a big book; but I found it intensely interesting. It sheds some light, incidentally, upon the work that was done in this field during the war.



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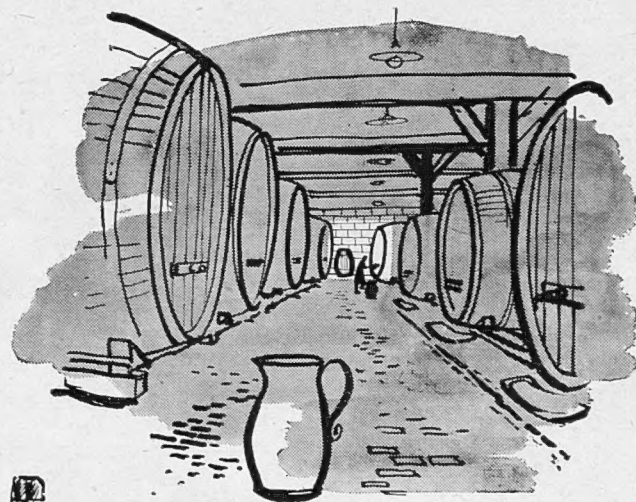
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